

John Y. McKane, a Remarkable Product of Politics.



JOHN Y. MCKANE.

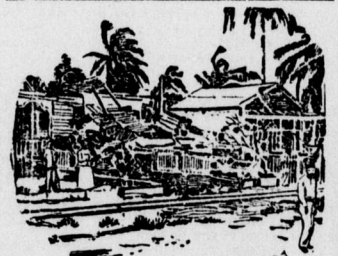
The death of John Y. McKane removes one of the most remarkable political characters ever known to local politics in New York State. He was born in the County Antrim, Ireland, August 10, 1841. He lived in Ireland until he was about four years old, when the McKane family immigrated to this country and settled at Sheepshead Bay, Long Island. McKane did not smoke or drink. He was a hearty, rugged, blue-eyed man with Scotch-Irish blood in his veins, who did not know what it was to become weary either of work or of political turmoil. As a boy he dug clams on the beach in summer and went to the village school in winter. He worked at gardening and other odd jobs until he was fourteen, when he was apprenticed to a carpenter. He learned the building trade and laid the foundation of his wealth at this business. McKane always did what he pleased with the vote of Gravesend. In 1893 McKane was in the height of his power. William J. Gaynor, after carrying on a fight against the McLaughlin Democracy, became a candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court. He made a demand on McKane for a copy of the registry lists of Coney Island. They were refused. He said over the telephone on October 30, 1893: "Mr. Gaynor will find out that if he wants to get along with me the easiest way to do is not to fight me." As a result of the fight McKane became a convict in Sing Sing, and William J. Gaynor became a Justice of the Supreme Court. McKane served his term, which, with rebate for good behavior, was shortened to four and a half years. He was released from prison April 30, 1898.

Terrible Effects of Porto Rico's Hurricane

Ponce, Porto Rico.—The hurricane, sad as is the havoc it wrought, great as is the misery it caused, has accomplished in a day what would have taken diplomacy years to bring about. It has taught the natives that the Americans are their real friends. The Americans, by their prompt and generous assistance, have wiped out all lingering prejudices.

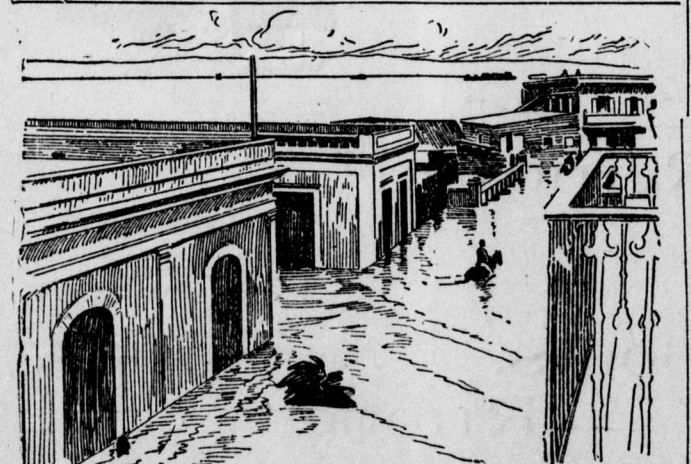
Porto Rico suffered more than any other colony by the hurricane of August 9. Every district in the island has been devastated. Thousands of homes have been ruined, and crops upon which the whole population depended for subsistence have been laid waste beyond retrieve for at least three years.

The loss of growing crops is, beyond question, the most serious item in the island's list of misfortunes. Everything has been more or less destroyed. What the hurricane left the floods carried away. The mango,



HOUSE IN PONCE DEMOLISHED BY THE HURRICANE.

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STREET IN ARECIBO, PORTO RICO, DURING THE HURRICANE, SHOWING HEIGHT OF WATER OVER THE HOUSES.

Porto Rico to-day is as barren as was Cuba at the close of the insurrection. Here, in Porto Rico, fields that were once beautiful with waving canes, besides but a few days covered

with the green coffee and banana trees now present a bare and sorry view. Homes that sheltered happy families have been washed away. The villages are crowded with shelterless people.

The homeless to-day number about one-third of the whole population of the island.

I have passed through every district from the capital to Ponce, and



WRECKED CAFE IN PLAZA ADJOINING CUSTOM HOUSE, PONCE.

often ridden for miles without seeing a house left standing. Where the houses withstood the wind the roofs were gone and furniture and clothing were ruined by the rains.

It is the well-to-do who are, perhaps, to be the most pitied. Beautiful haciendas and powerful sugar factories were laid as low as the native's shack. crop; damage to live stock, and damage to railways and shipping. It does not cover the loss sustained by the Public Works Department, which will be heavy; nor does it cover the loss to the island of capital that was confidently expected to seek investment here this winter, and which may now be frightened away.

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bread fruit and avocado trees, upon which the natives depend to a great extent for subsistence, have been swept bare or broken down. Only the most sheltered banana groves are left standing. The coffee crop is wholly ruined, and all but the smallest of the trees have been destroyed. A coffee plant takes five years to mature. The half ripe orange crop is on the ground. A few cane fields have escaped, but with the factories demolished these are only valuable for fodder.

The wholesale, indiscriminate distribution of food is being stopped, else the whole population would become pauperized. In all centres I visited rations are now being distributed to the old and infirm and to young children. To all able-bodied adults is offered work. At first this course of action caused some complaint, but now the plan is beginning to work well, and the poor are all the more independent, and better contented for it.

The first care of the military authorities has naturally been for the troops. In Ponce the \$5000 granted by General Davis to the commander has been spent in cleaning up in and around the quarters. At every country station the troops are living under canvas. In most cases the barracks have been blown down. At Aibonito not one wall of the whole barracks is left standing. The soldiers lost everything they had, and those in the hospital had a narrow escape with their lives.

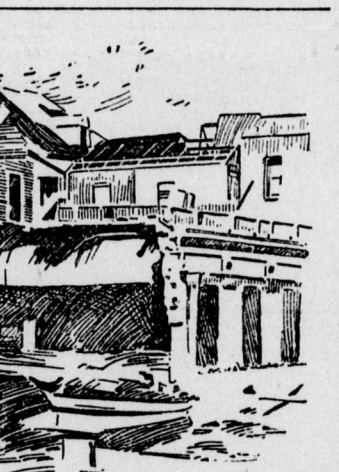
The barracks collapsed during the



STREET IN PONCE AFTER THE FLOOD.

first hour of the storm. Fifteen minutes after the walls had toppled in the men, who had even formed ranks outside in the pelting rain, had appointed a delegation to wait upon Captain Wheeler to ask permission to render assistance to the town. The captain joined his men. Without a thought of their own loss, without thought of any danger, the whole troop crossed the swollen river between the barracks and the town, and were soon engaged in the work of rescue, dodging pieces of flying zinc or rushing into tumbling houses.

On the night of the hurricane I was sleeping on my own plantation in the district of Bayamon, about ten miles from the capital. At about half-past seven o'clock Tuesday night my cap-



itaza, or head man, came to the door and reported that the Government had sent out notice that a hurricane was approaching, via St. Thomas. Like many others, I did not give full credence to the warning. At half-past five the wind was blowing thirty miles an hour.

Daylight was long in coming, for the sky was inky black. When dawn did come we could be sure the storm was not far away, and everything movable was taken in. Tenants began to run to us for shelter and we took them in also.

At half-past seven o'clock the storm began in earnest, and in half an hour it was impossible to stand against the wind. We had braced and tied down the roof as best we could, but one single puff carried away all our stays. In half an hour our roof was gone and the rain pelting in. At ten o'clock the wind was blowing seventy-five miles an hour. Once we made a sortie, and rescued a woman and two children, but hardly had we got them inside when the house began to creak and groan, and we sought the open. Dodging flying branches of trees and stray bits of timber, we crawled along the lee side of a penguin fence to a shack, sheltered behind a bill.

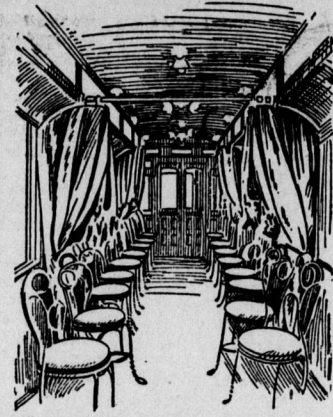
It was half-past twelve before the storm was over and we could venture forth. Our house, we found, had not blown down entirely; but the wooden walls were slanted at an angle of thirty degrees. The roof was completely off and everything inside absolutely ruined by the water.

It was two days before we could cross the river to get to market. Every peasant's hut for three miles around was down. Four hundred houses on the outskirts of Bayamon were piled up in the public road. The railroad running to San Juan had been completely washed away. The highways were blocked with rubbish. It was two days before supplies of bread reached the town. In the interim the people lived on half ripe fruit

FUNERAL BY TROLLEY CAR.

Custom Growing in Chicago, Largely Because of the Great Saving in Expense.

Trolley car funerals threaten to supplant the old style in Chicago. A saving of expense is one of the chief arguments in favor of the new plan. The



INTERIOR OF CHICAGO TROLLEY FUNERAL CAR.

undertakers dislike to give up the liberal commissions from livery establishments they once enjoyed, but popular feeling is too strong to withstand. It costs but \$11 for a motor car and a trailer, with an extra charge of \$3 for every additional car needed.

On the line of the Chicago Electric Traction Company, a special funeral car, the Virginia, is provided. It is dark green in color. At each end is a vestibule, having a door in its front for the admission of the casket. In one of these vestibules the casket remains during the journey to the cemetery, screened from the rest of the car by heavy curtains. The car proper is richly furnished, and accommodates twenty persons.

The Calumet Company has no special funeral car, but the back is removed from the seat of an ordinary motor car and on this the casket is placed. On either side of the casket the pall bearers take their places, while relatives and friends occupy the remaining seats.

On the Calumet line, which covers a wide stretch of territory, south of Sixty-third street, the number of trolley funerals sometimes reaches five a day. Arrangements with the undertakers in suburbs along the line are made by the company.

Million a Front Foot.

A mortgage of \$20,000,000 on a tiny town lot is rarely recorded in real estate annals. The city of San Jose, Cal., has within her flowery limits a little patch of ground which has actually borne an incumbrance of the above named stupendous proportions.

This infinitesimal speck of California's map has represented in money precisely what America paid Spain for the Philippine archipelago.

And this San Jose lot, only a fair-size flower garden, according to the California notion as to gardens, measures 1496 square feet, while the Philippine Islands comprise 114,000 square miles.

Allen's Sense of Humor.

No man in Congress has a keener sense of humor than John Allen, of Mississippi, who for various reasons has been much in the public eye during the past few months. Not long ago, in the midst of a very interesting speech, a member on the other side of the Chamber asked:

"May I interrupt the gentleman from Mississippi for a moment?"

"Is it for applause?" queried Mr. Allen. "The gentleman from Mississippi allows no interruptions except for applause."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Sold With the Coal.

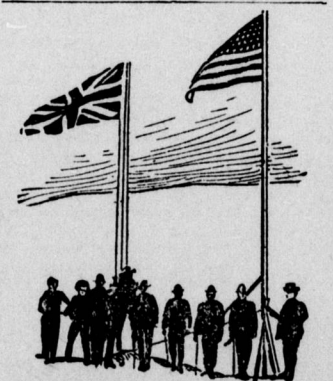
A new carman was engaged at a coal yard and he went off to deliver his first load. He failed to return and a search was thereupon instituted.

The missing man was found at the house where he had put the coal in the cellar and had taken up his quarters in the kitchen. The cook said she could not get him to leave, and the carman was asked what he meant by such conduct.

"Why," he replied, "I thought I was sold with the coal—I was weighed with it."—Tit-Bits.

Flags Float Side by Side.

In view of the present strained relations between Canada and the United States over the question of the Alaskan boundary, the accompanying photograph is interesting. It was taken at the extreme summit of the White Pass, at the point where the boundary line between the possessions of Canada and the United States is at



BOUNDARY LINE AT THE SUMMIT OF THE WHITE PASS.

present fixed. On either side of the line is erected a tall staff. From one floats the Stars and Stripes and from the other the Union Jack. The men grouped around the flags are officers of the famous Canadian Northwest Mounted Police.

DAZED ENGLAND WITH AN "AD."

The Original Progenitor of Liberal Advertising Mill Living in New York.

Some of the nabobs of the present day advertising world who think they are "the only pebbles on the beach" ought to take a trip to Poughkeepsie and listen to the advertising narratives of an old man there may relate to them. And the old man can substantiate his narratives with facts and proofs, and is not a mere yarn spinner like many of his degenerate successors. His name is De Linton Wing, and years ago he won for himself the little of "progenitor of liberal advertising" by his extensive advertising of a famous brand of flour of which he was the proprietor.

It is said that at one time he was worth \$50,000,000, but lost his fortune partly by speculation in buying newspapers.

One of Mr. Wing's greatest advertising feats, according to the Albany Press-Knickerbocker, was the insertion in the London Times, much to the surprise of the slow-going Britons of a full-page advertisement of his famous brand of flour. It was claimed as a joke that Mr. Wing, who alone had the secret and the patent for the manufacture of the Julian mills flour, introduced in the ingredients a most-stimulating alcohol and hops that gave a pungency upon which many a family was mildly exhilarated every morning at breakfast, and he had as a part of his business accounts a letter from Lord Palmerston, prime minister of England, in which the latter expresses the thanks of Queen Victoria and her ministry for bags of his flour, because as the minister said, of its elevating effects at each meal.

In the advertisement in the London Times Mr. Wing had such striking lines as these: "Julian Mills see the Queen"; "Palmerston gets his Julian cakes early and saves England's honor by reason of the daring spirit they infuse into him." In the middle of the page was a wood cut—a most terrible innovation for the London Times—of Mr. Wing seated between the Queen and Lord Palmerston, who are both begging him to come to England and live at Windsor. To this Mr. Wing responds: "I am an American sovereign, greater than the British crown."

One of Mr. Wing's greatest enterprises was during the great celebration of 1858, over the Atlantic cable. Albany turned out in great procession at the head of which was a great wagon of D. L. Wing, made entirely of flour barrels. Sixteen flour barrels served as wheels and thousands of barrel staves formed an awning over the body of the wagon, on which fifty young ladies in baker's dresses were conducting a mimic bakery of the Julian cakes. Thousands of Albanians were gratuitously served with bread that day from the Julian mills flour, and at the home of nearly every poor family in the ward in which Mr. Wing lived were left that night a barrel of flour and a photograph of Wing and Queen Victoria.

Says Dancing Is Silly.

"Of all pastimes I think dancing is the silliest, and I am never going to indulge in it again," said a young man who has been more or less of a favorite in Washington society.

"Why do you say that?" asked a friend, who was at a loss to account for this sudden change of heart.

"I went out to Chevy Chase lake the other night, but I did not go to take part in the dancing out there. I merely wanted a ride. A grumpy old bachelor was my companion, and, much against his will, we went over to see the devotees of Terpsichore at the pavilion. The music was good, and there were so many pretty girls that I almost felt like taking a whirl or two on the floor. I remarked to my misanthropic friend on the scene and the music. He sniffed contemptuously, as I expected.

"Put your hands up to your ears, so you can't hear the music, and then look at them," he said.

"I did so, and the transformation was complete. It was as if some old witch had waved her wand over the gliding couples and changed them into so many gyrating monkeys. The graceful swing of the two-step became a regular toad-hop. There was neither rhyme, reason or rhythm in their movements. It was an exhibition of appalling absurdity. I took my hands away from my ears so that I could hear the music, but the impression remained, and I felt disgusted. I used to be very fond of dancing and I almost hate my bachelor friend for destroying the illusion."—Washington Post.

How to Suppress the Mosquito.

Orders issued by the government of India to civil surgeons with entomological proclivities require them "to make collections of mosquitoes and other flies that bite men or animals, in accordance with the instructions contained in Professor Ray Lankester's pamphlet," with a view of determining the possible connection of malaria and mosquitoes. For the general destruction of mosquitoes several methods have been tried. In many places the engineer has been successful by draining the marshy areas. In others the use of kerosene, by throwing it into the water, where it forms a film on the surface, has prevented the developing larvae from reaching the air, and has thus brought about their destruction. A more recent experiment has been the employment of permanganate of potash which is said to kill the insect in all stages of its development. As this chemical has also been largely employed for purifying the water of doubtful wells, and especially with the view of protecting against the cholera bacillus, it would seem particularly applicable for use in India.—Indian correspondence of the London Lancet.

CAPSULAR BANQUETS.

When Feasts Will Be Administered in the Form of Condensed Portions.

"See that handsomely dressed lady that went out just as you came in?" inquired the grocer. "I'll bet my head against a one cent postage stamp you can't guess what she wanted. No? I'll tell you. She wanted a glass of water and some salt. Yes. Then she whipped a little box out of her pocket, took a capsule out of the box, and, putting the salt in the water, floated the capsule down her throat. Then she laughed, thanked me, and said that was her luncheon. The capsules were filled with extract of beef.

"The idea of concentrated foods has been getting in its work in preparations for soups. A little box holding less than a quarter of a pint has concentrated within it vegetables and meats sufficient to make a quart or more of soup. A genius out in California discovered that 80 per cent. of the potato is water. He proceeded to drive away the water, and then shipped five times as much potato as it was possible to ship before desiccation.

"Don't you remember that it was said at the time of the war that prices were so high in Richmond, Va., that people brought their confederate money in a basket and took their family supplies of meat and vegetables home in their pocketbooks? We're coming to pretty much the same thing if this concentration goes on. It does not take much imagination to see that the time may be near at hand when the grower of garden truck will take his stuff not to the grocer, but to the back door of the manufacturing chemist, who will make it into various vegetable tablets.

"Then, our shall have our tomatoes in tablets, our parsnips in pills, and lettuce in lozengers. The pint of milk will be represented in a tablet the size of a trouser button. This is not at all fantastical. Some time ago a chemist announced that he could and would produce food to sustain life from ordinary coal tar, and that it might be given the most delicate and entrancing flavors, and it might be made charming to the eye.

"If vegetables and other things that are now perishable are thus made into tablets, it is easy to see that there will not be the waste that we now have. Good-by to the garbage man, who now carries away the profit of the grocer in his odorous wagon. With the tabular business in full swing there would be no need for the grocer. He would go, and the places that have known him would know him no more forever. In his place there would be fellows along the street with little trays in front of them, like salsander and shoestrut men, selling all kinds of vegetable tablets. More than this—

Here the grocer was called away by a customer.

Rushing the Rapids in the Klondike.
Arthur Ham, formerly of this city, writes from Lake La Burge, N.W.T., of the experience of his party in the White Horse rapids:

"You will see by the heading that we have passed the White Horse rapids. Just before we reached the narrow part of the rapids, the final jump off, we ran on a rock in the rapids and stuck fast. We lay there from 8 o'clock at night until 5 the next morning. We had supper and breakfast in the White Horse and slept there. We had to run a line ashore and put up an aerial tramway, like a live-saving device, and run part of our cargo ashore on a big line carrying a pulley. Two of our men went ashore on the line and pulled the stuff ashore with a horse. Then, with block, tackle and horse, we pulled the scow off the rock and rushed through the rapids in less than a minute without further accident. We expected to take the scow and cargo across this lake with horses and sleds, but we nearly lost two or three horses and their loads through the ice and then gave up the attempt. One horse went in up to her ears and would have gone out of sight if she had not been held up until we could hitch on another horse and pull her out."—Buffalo Commercial.

Gentlemen Sailors Did not Work.

The opportunity to get rich suddenly offered by privateering gave rise to a peculiar class of seamen, who became known as "gentlemen sailors." All seaports sending out privateers were thronged with these tars of exalted degree, and, in many cases, of long pedigree. Usually they were of highly respectable parentage, and in some instances belonged to well-known families. They went to sea, not as common seamen, but as adventurers to whom the chance of making prize money was sufficient inducement to undergo the hardships and perils of the sea.

Being better educated, and well trained to the use of arms—especially excelling the ordinary sailor in the latter accomplishment—they were welcomed in the privateer, and the commander was glad to give them unusual privileges. They were not assigned to the ordinary work of the seaman, but formed a sort of marine guard, standing between the officers and the regular crew. This arrangement came to be understood when the "gentleman sailor" shipped. The common seamen were to do the real drudgery of ship work, while these privileged tars were to be on hand when fighting was to be done.—Saturday Evening Post.

Our Titled Families.

"Does that man from America belong to the aristocracy?" inquired the earl.

"Well," answered the duke reflectively. "I have heard it asserted that some members of his family were coal barons."—Washington Star.